

thousand churches and more there are at least three thousand deacons and two thousand elders. What an army for God, and yet no battle and no victory for our Lord Jesus Christ. O ye deacons, for what were you called and set apart by the Holy Spirit? It is said in the sixth chapter of Acts: "They chose Stephen, full of faith and the Holy Ghost." What was he chosen for? To be a deacon. And the obligations to save souls was so great that he lost his life pleading with sinners and for the Lord Jesus.

But, again, you have been baptized in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Your baptism in the name of the Father has the same power as circumcision. It makes you a servant of the Father to do His will and help others.

Again, you were baptized in the name of the Son and the Holy Ghost. Therefore, by your ordination and baptism you are bound to be devoted to Christ and the Holy Ghost as the priests and Levites were devoted to the Mosaic ceremonies. So are you devoted to the use and service of the Church. Paul says, "We are bought." Then we do not belong to ourselves any more than a slave did. He belonged to his master and had to do the work he was commanded to do or be punished.

O deacons, how can you so neglect your duty and lose your reward? It is said the angels in heaven sung a hallelujah over the repentance of one sinner, but the churches in that black list started no music on their harps, nor songs in that angelic choir. If a man makes a million dollars there is no joy in heaven, but if one poor sinner by faith and prayer is brought to Christ there is great excitement in heaven, the angels break forth into a glorious jubilee.

It is said of Christ, when the paralytic was brought to him to be healed, seeing their faith, he said, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."

Some people are more anxious to save the body than to save the soul.

Well, what about the elders? These remarks apply with ten times more force to them than to the deacons.

### HOW ABOUT YOUR BOY?

By Rev. J. K. Hitner.

The following story is told by Bishop Frank Warne of his early boyhood days: One evening at the setting of the sun, my father said to me, "Frank, water the stock." Some boys came in about this time and, being a real boy, I forgot my work and played. A little later my father asked, "Have you done what I told you?" "Yes, father," I replied. He knew I had not, and I even now recall how he said not a word but walked away in the twilight, so burdened and bowed because of hearing a falsehood from his own boy that it suddenly gave him the appearance of an old man. The boys left and I watered the stock. Then, boy-like, I forgot, went to bed and slept. During the next forenoon mother called me to her and said, "Do you know your father neither went to bed nor slept all last night?" I replied, "No, mother, I did not know. Why didn't he sleep?" Mother's answer was, "Your father spent all last night praying for you." My saintly mother's words and tears went through my heart like an arrow, and rang in my ears like a bell, and I became powerfully convicted of sin. Just following this, a series of revival meetings were held in our church and I became a seeker and found no rest till I found it in penitence, and a consciousness of pardoned sin. The revival services continued sev-

eral weeks, and a young boy of thirteen years was the only convert, and the critics said, "He will backslide in a few weeks. The revival is a failure." That "small boy" himself now tells this story.

The thought oft recurred to me, how could I ever reward my now glorified father for that night of prevailing prayer? I never could, but God rewarded him by letting him live to see that very boy become a minister, a missionary and a missionary bishop. Just a few weeks after my election to the bishopric God said to him, "It is enough, come up higher." Mother had entered into rest about two years before. Never can I be sufficiently grateful for such a parentage and such a home.

So, he adds, it is my hope and prayer that the story of my father's night of prevailing prayer may encourage other parents to pray as he did for me. I do not believe that parents through prayer can break the wills of their children and compel them to surrender to Jesus, but I do believe that my father prayed until God sent such conviction through the Holy Spirit into my heart that sin became such an unbearable burden that I gladly yielded my will to the will of my God, and prayed until my sins were pardoned, the burden removed, and I was truly converted. Thus, I firmly believe the same heavenly Father will hear the cry of other parents, if they will but go to Him, and bestow a like answer in return to their fervent prayers.

Huntington, W. Va.

### LOVE.

By Nettie Mayers Allemong.

Love is the great eternal power  
Within the human soul  
That drives the thoughts and acts of men  
Beyond the will's control.  
It is the heart's dynamic fire  
Which threads its subtle course  
Along the secret wires of life,  
With mighty, tireless force  
It moves the energies anew  
To nobler work each day;  
Its recompense, a word of cheer,  
Or smile along the way,  
It is the Architect unseen  
Of Fate's mysterious plans;  
Who builds for us a structure strong  
Beyond life's shifting sands.  
It is the path to that pure fane  
Both human and divine,  
Where God's own hand has set a light  
The sacred tapers shine.  
It is the guide to Want's retreat,  
And Sorrow's dark abode;  
To lift the cross and set a crown  
Where tears of anguish flowed.

It is the way that Pity takes  
To find the world's distress;  
While white-robed Mercy clasps her hand  
With smiles of tenderness.  
It is the Spirit ever bright  
Which answers every call;  
Pain's deep distress, Joy's fevered wants,  
With tender grace to all.  
It is the hidden fire within  
To purify and bless,  
And sheds o'er imperfection's face  
A radiant loveliness.  
Love is a mighty, moving stream,  
Whose ever rushing tide  
Bears sin and wrong upon its breast,  
Out to an ocean wide.  
It is a beacon shining far  
Across life's pathless foam;  
A chart and compass ever true  
Where'er our barque may roam.  
It is the star that points the way  
O'er moors of doubt and strife;  
And safely leads the stumbling feet  
To higher planes of life.

It is the Joy of that loved spot  
Where faults are all forgiven;  
It lights with glory every room,  
And makes our home a heaven.

It is the language of the heart,  
The warmth of friendship's hand;  
The magic light of smiling eyes  
Whose speech we understand.  
It is the blush on beauty's cheek,  
The glow in beauty's eye;  
The tear which trembles on her lash  
Where hidden fountains lie.  
It is the artist's haunting dream,  
The theme of poet's rhyme;  
The charm of music's melting note,  
Of melodies sublime.  
It is the vision shining fair  
Through isles of happy rest,  
Which pictures every joy fulfilled  
Unto the lover's breast.  
It is the music of the world  
That onward leads through strife,  
As swells from out the victor's heart  
The triumph song of life.

O Love! of every life the Way  
That human feet have trod;  
The Power in earth and heaven  
That leads us up to God!  
Roanoke, Va.

### RANDOM REMARKS BY ERASMUS.

Selected by C. W. Sommerville,  
Memphis, Tenn.

#### Had Luther Failed?

"The corruption of the Church, the degeneracy of the Holy See are universally admitted. I doubt whether in the whole history of Christianity the heads of the Church have been so grossly worldly as at the present moment. It was on this account that Luther's popularity at the outset was so extraordinary. . . . Luther wilfully provoked his fate. (The Diet at Worms was thought to have finished him.) . . . If the enemies of light are to have their way, we may write on the tomb of a ruined world, 'Christ did not rise again.'"

#### Erasmus No Martyr.

"We have not all strength for martyrdom, and I fear if trouble comes I shall do like Peter. . . . I shall take the safe side."

"I saw the peril of neutrality, but I cannot and will not be a rebel." . . . "Luther has been sent into the world by the Genius of Discord. Every corner of it has been disturbed by him. For my self I am a man of peace, and hate quarrels." . . . "I care nothing what is done to Luther, but I care for peace. They may boil or roast Luther if they like."

#### Lutherans Extremists.

"The extravagant Lutherans have most hurt Luther. . . . I do not object generally to the evangelical doctrines, but there is much in Luther's teaching which I dislike. He runs everything which he touches into extravagance. . . . I would have had religion purified without destroying authority." . . . "Luther causes more harm than he cures."

#### Not Highest Appreciation of Veracity.

"Plato says you cannot guide the multitude without deceiving them. Christians must not lie, but they need not tell the whole truth."

#### His Estimate of Luther's Career.

"Perhaps . . . God used Pharaoh and I could not have succeeded, not been with him."

" . . . I regard Luther as a man, raised up by providence to show the depravity of the age." . . . "The men in the Church are afraid"

#### Erasmus

"Great lords, bishops, of whom I have never heard, and I could not have succeeded, not been with him." . . . "I regard Luther as a man, raised up by providence to show the depravity of the age." . . . "The men in the Church are afraid"

Charles (V) I owe